

THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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CLEMENT DOANE.

OFFICE.—IN COURIER BUILDING ON WEST MAIN STREET.

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Notices of appointment of administrators and legal notices of like character to be paid in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES.

For Township officers, each \$1.00
For County " " 2.50
For District, Circuit, or State, 5.00

BRUNO BUETTNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

And Notary Public,

JASPER INDIANA.

Will practice in all the Courts of Dubois and Perry Counties, Indiana.

Clement Doane,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
JASPER, INDIANA.

Will attend promptly to any business intrusted to him in any of the courts of Dubois county. Office in the Courier Building, on West Main street.

G. T. B. Carr,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JASPER, INDIANA.

Will practice in all the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties.

Office on the South side of the Public Square.

L. Q. DEBRULER. W. A. TRAYLOR.

DEBRULER & TRAYLOR,

ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS AT LAW.

JASPER, INDIANA.

Will practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining counties. For children's names given in collection, March 20, '69.

MALOTT, COBB & SCHAFER.

Attys at Law.

JASPER, INDIANA.

Will practice in Courts of Dubois County.

Special attention given to the Collection of Claims.

April 17, '68.

F. HAHN & CO.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION

MERCHANTS.

TROY, IND.

DEALERS IN

Produce, Barley, Oats and Lime.

Lower Wharf Boat Proprietors,

TROY, INDIANA

Sept. 20, '67-68.

Furniture! Furniture!

The undersigned informs the public that he has now, and will constantly keep on hand,

in manufacture or order, all the latest and most fashionable varieties of Furniture, such as

Wardrobes,

Bureaus,

Bedsteads,

Tables,

Lozenges,

and a large assortment of chairs, of the best styles. He respectfully invites those desiring anything in his line, to call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can please them, at his new shop, on the corner of the Public Square, west of the court-house.

November 19, 1867.

JACOB ALLES.

C. STEGE, H. REILING, JOS. HAXTHAUSEN

STEGE, REILING & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions, Teas,

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

MARKET STREET.

North side between Second & Third Sts.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

P. S.—Prompt attention to orders from the country.

Sept. 12, '68-69.

VALENTINE MERCKER.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

CORNER OF WEST MAIN & PORTERSVILLE STS.

JASPER, INDIANA.

KEEPS constantly on hand a good assortment of household Boots and Shoes, which he offers for sale at the most reasonable prices. He also makes and repairs work, with neatness and dispatch. Thankful for the liberal patronage bestowed on him, he solicits, and will endeavor to merit a further extension of the same.

June 5, '68-69.

GLASS WARE.

In great variety, and of the best quality at low prices, at the Iron Store.

JOHN ECKERT.

Oct. 9, '68.

From the April Number of "Peters' Musical Monthly."

AIN'T I SWEET!

(SET TO MUSIC BY THE AUTHOR, T. B. BISHOP.)

My good mamma, she feels so sad,
And says I am a flirt,
Because I go to promenade
All in my walking-skirt;
She thinks I ought to be ashamed
To go out in the street,
With clothes, she says, all fussed and
fixed,
To show my little feet.

We want the sanction of the gents
In all our style of clothes;
And yet I love to please mamma,
But more to please the beaux.
And ever thus you'll find it is,
When ladies walk the street:
They'll try and manage some good way
To show their pretty feet!

Our bonnets now are but a "MITE,"
Though "MIGHTY" dear they cost;
Beneath our furberlows and bows
Our little forms are lost;
The tiny heels upon our shoes,
They are so gay and neat,
And solely made, you may be sure,
To show our handsome feet!

With parasol above me held,
And our "mamma" to see,
I fascinate the darling men
Where'er I chance to be.
"Oh! what a charming, lovely girl!"
I hear them oft repeat,
To make their hearts go pit-a-pat,
To show my pretty feet!

CHORUS.

Ain't I sweet, ain't I sweet?
I know I'm sweet, and have a right
To promenade the street,
And glad I am there is a style
To show my pretty feet.

The Three Links.

WISDOM! GOODNESS! POWER!

By J. W. Dickinson, Principal of the Massachusetts State Normal School.

The great work of life is to bring our wills into harmony with the laws of nature God has given us.

The accomplishment of this work implies the acquisition of wisdom, goodness and power.

We must have wisdom that we may know what the laws of our nature are.

We must be wise that we may know what to will.

We must have goodness that we may be inclined to will the thoughts and actions which shall agree with our nature, and lead it on to the end for which it was created.

We must have a continued right use of the will before we can be conscious of possessing the power by which we control ourselves, in opposition to all those disturbing influences which affect us through the appetites and the desires.

Wisdom must be occasioned by the teachings of one who is already wise.

Goodness is the gift of God, and is a possible possession to those only who have wisdom.

Power is the result of action, originated and guided by wisdom, and stimulated by goodness.

No man will have wisdom who has not been taught. No one can be good who has no wisdom. No one can have the power necessary to self-control until he has acquired it by an activity springing from both wisdom and goodness.

Wisdom is sometimes called the principal thing, because it is the first acquisition the mind makes in its progress to power, and because it implies a knowledge of the means and ends of life.

Goodness is called the gift of God, because it is the result and cause of a wise exercise of power. If we act well we shall be made better by it; if we are good we shall be well. God has so constituted us that goodness exists both as a cause and a result.

REFLECTIONS BY AN OLD BACHELOR.—Domestic love may be very sweet, but when I look at my brother's family, it strikes me that it is also very dear.

The complexion of a girl of the period differs from a railway season ticket—the one is, and the other is not, transferable.

I love to see little children eating unaccustomed delicacies, and my heart rejoices as I think of the Nemesis of the family doctor awaiting them.

Mistrust the woman who, when a glass of wine is spilled over her dress, smiles and says it doesn't matter.

The taste for sweets prevails in all of us long after childhood—nay, even in old age every one wishes to be worth a plum.

Curious how this life resembles billiards—kisses and misses are generally found near together.

The greenness of the mistletoe is only exceeded by the verdancy of the persons who amuse themselves beneath it.

A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

When I look upon a party of young people, I console myself with the thought that, after all, my scull is as good looking as any of theirs, and that's what it must resolve itself into at last!

From the New Orleans Playmate.

THE WRONG BED.

A Disconsolate Bride and an Astounded Bridegroom.

At a late hour on Tuesday night quite a bridal party arrived in the city and put up at one of our hotels. The bride was accompanied by two of her young lady friends and the groom by two gentlemen. The names were registered in the usual manner, but in some way a mistake was made in reference to the identity of the bride. The hours sped on toward the dawn, and the bride in her silent chamber waited the appearance of her lord. Yet he came not. Surely, he was not sitting up all the time. The rest of the party had retired, she was certain, since she had heard them in their apartments.

What had become of him? Impatience gradually grew into terror.

She rang her bell, and the servant knocked at the door.

"Do you know where my husband is?" she inquired.

"Ain't he in here, ma'am?"

"No!"

"Maybe he stepped out into the city, ma'am, and will be back directly!"

"I'm afraid; oh, do inquire at the office, and see if there is any intelligence about him."

The servant retired, and in a few moments returned with information that there was none. The wife was now alarmed in earnest. She never had a husband before, and like the man who drew the elephant in the lottery, she scarcely knew what to do with the animal.

In her anxiety she went to the room of one of her bridesmaids and knocked at the door.

"Who's there?" was inquired in accents unmistakably masculine.

"Me, Mary; but mercy, who are you?"

"There was a sudden stir and the sound of feet falling heavily on the carpeted floor.

"Who the devil am I in bed with, then?" she heard the man say, as the door swung open and her husband's face peered out.

"Oh! I'm distracted about you; where have you been?"

"I've been here in bed; but, deuce take me, I thought you were here, too."

"Oh! James, it wasn't me."

"Who is it, then?"

"Why, it's Sarah."

"The devil!"

"Oh no, James, it was Sarah. Didn't you know it, James?"

"Blast me if I did! I found her asleep, and thinking this was our room I crept into bed and went to sleep," replied James, evidently impressed with the idea that he had a difficult case to argue.

"Is she asleep yet, James?"

"Why, don't you hear her snore?"

But just then Sarah waked, and seeing a man in her room, set up a succession of screams that soon filled the hall with people.

And now the bridegroom found himself in a delicate position. In the hurry of explaining the matter to his wife he had neglected to put on his pants; and now in his eager search for them he was dancing around the room like one possessed; now and then imploring Sarah to hush—

"I'm going, don't you see!" But Sarah was seeing too much, and she would not hush; and the wife in the hall, hummed in by the eager crowd, had tried to explain; but, failing in this, had leaned her head against the wall and was enjoying a hearty cry.

At last, however, the pants were found and put on, and the husband and wife escaped to their chamber, whilst Miss Sarah double-locked her door against all further intrusion. The next morning explanations were gone into, but there's no denying that both the ladies were the least bit incredulous, and it is said a perceptible coldness has grown up between them, whilst the unintentionally offending bridegroom walks about a good deal, his head down, and evidently indulging in unpleasant meditations.

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government, and to correct their faults. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him; if he is selfish, promote generosity.

The milk business is becoming quite profitable in Lake county. Milk is now shipped to Chicago on the morning train each day, and sold for twenty cents a gallon. It has been demonstrated that, with reasonable care, a cow will much more than pay for herself in a single year.

A subscription is being made in Vincennes to obtain a sufficient amount to be offered as a bonus to the Ohio and Mississippi railroad company, to induce them to remove their shops and works from East St. Louis to that city.

The woods in the northern part of the State are filled with wild pigeons; one man in Wabash county killed six hundred in one night.

From the New Albany Commercial (Radical).

An Infamous Indiana Divorce.

An exchange prints the following remarkable case:

"On last Tuesday, Mrs. Albert French, of Lagrange, left the room of her sick husband to go on an errand to the house of a neighbor across the street. While there, some one asked her if she had heard of a rumor to the effect that she was divorced from her husband. She replied no, and in a laughing way, was making some remark about the absurd stories people tell, when a person entering, handed her a note from an attorney, informing her that the rumor was true. Her husband had made an application in the Circuit Court of Elkhart county, where the parties had never lived at all; the Sheriff had served the process so informally, that she never received it; the application had been granted on the 19th of March; her husband had brought the decree home with him and lived with her more than a week before she found it out, during which time she had been attentively nursing him through a fit of sickness. Mrs. French was almost killed by the totally unexpected intelligence. She had been married to her husband twenty-one years; they had two children nearly grown, and so far as is known the family had always lived in peace and unity. The husband is worth \$5,000, but the wife did not receive one cent of alimony, although a portion of the property was inherited by her. It is one of the most infamous cases we have ever heard of, and as the decree was granted in a county where the parties never resided, a considerable amount of perjury must have been committed. The matter should have a legal investigation, for it certainly caps the climax of anything we have ever known in the way of Indiana divorces.

Now!—Now, for time is short, and death is near, and judgment threatens! Now, for in eternity it will be too late, and your very next step may land you there! The only season of which you can be sure is now! The only season in which you can work is now! The purpose may not last till to-morrow; fulfill it now! Fresh difficulties will flood the channel to-morrow; wade it now! The chain of evil habit will bind you more closely to-morrow; snap it now! Religion is a work for every day; begin it now! Sin exposes to present miseries; escape them now! Your Creator commands; obey him now! Holiness confers present joys; seize them now! A God of love entreats; be reconciled now! The Father from his throne invites; return now! The Saviour from his cross beseeches; trust him now! The Holy Spirit is striving in your heart; yield now! Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation!"—[Rev. Newman Hall.

The first number of "The Imperialist" has made its appearance in New York City. It advocates the abrogation of a republican or democratic form of government for the United States and the substitution of a monarchy, on the assumption that the former is a failure. The name of the editor or publisher does not appear on the imprint. The leading article declares that "the paper has been established to give expression to opinions long held and cherished by thousands of intelligent men and women in all parts of the country, who will hail its advent as the beginning of a new era in the political history of America." It is in form quarto, containing sixteen pages. The title is ornamented with a crown. Some assert that Louis Napoleon provides the money to sustain it, while others are quite as confident that its real projector is an enterprising member of the Erie Railway Directorship, who is anxious to create a new sensation, of which he may be himself the hero.

A tourist in Italy writes that "it is a common sight to see a nurse-maid leading along a little boy baby two or three years old who has a cigar in his mouth;" which is easily accounted for. Nothing but an early education could ever cultivate a taste or desire for the fearful cigars manufactured for and consumed by the masses of the Italian people. Imagine the blackest and strongest Virginia tobacco rolled into a long, compact wad, with a straw through it, to be withdrawn before lighting, and you have the ordinary cigar of the people. A more intolerable stuff to smoke could not be produced. No wonder they begin early.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; the wreck of health regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge restored by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue; but whoever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

The Mississippi swindle is neither dead nor sleeping. In several parts of the State former policy holders are being sued on their notes.

From the New Albany Commercial (Radical).

The Legislative Situation—Want of Backbone.

The spinal columns of a number of the Republican members of the Legislature, it seems, had not a sufficient amount of stiffening in them to hold their owners in an upright position, and so they went over to the enemy, yielding to the demands of a revolutionary minority, and pledging themselves that if these revolutionists would qualify and take their seats in the Senate and House, that the Fifteenth Amendment should not be brought forward until such time as suited this revolutionary minority.

We regard this as an unmanly surrender of principle by the majority to a faction, revolutionary minority, for expediency sake, and the constituents of these weak-backed Republican Senators and Representatives will so regard their action. The Amendment is right or it is wrong. The Republican party of the nation are pledged to the measure as one that is just and right. Congress and President Grant are pledged to it for the same reasons. Therefore, the Republican members of the Legislature should have met the issue fairly and squarely, and made no compromises, for expediency sake, with a body of revolutionists who occupy exactly the same position before the people of Indiana that the seceding Rebel Senators and Representatives from Congress occupied before the people of the loyal States in 1861. The principle governing these revolutionary Indiana Democratic legislators is precisely the same as governed the revolutionary rebel seceders in 1861.

The Republican members of the Legislature have yielded to the impudent and anarchical demands of the revolutionary Democratic minority, and have sunk their manhood and their principles in the act. They have proved that they have not the moral courage to stand up boldly and meet a great issue in which a well defined principle of the Republican party is involved, and for the sake of a little personal popularity are willing to sacrifice a great and just principle. Their constituents will sacrifice them.

The People not Fit for Self-Government.

"D. W. B." the Washington correspondent of the Independent, writes that "the postponement of the Mississippi reconstruction bill in the House is liable to be misconstrued by persons who do not understand all the facts. The opinion of a large number of the Republican members of the House was, and is, that 'the people of the State are not yet fit for self-government.' That is: The people of Mississippi, having, by a popular vote, as provided by the Federal power and regulated by its military agents, declared themselves Democrats by over 7,000 majority, they are held to be not yet fit for self-government, and are to be regarded as unfit, until, in the opinion of a large number of Republican members of Congress, they are sufficiently demoralized to embrace Radicalism. The people of a State—the electors of a State, in which Congress has prescribed the suffrage qualification and disfranchised whom it pleased, are held by that Congress to be not yet fit for self-government! Verily, this is a republic where the will of the people is the law of the land!"

PERFECT TRUST.—Oh for the blessedness of that man who has been enabled to realize the most entire conviction, and that not as a theory, but as a practical truth, that God doeth all things well, and that his work is perfect.

The grinding and low cares of this life have no place with him. He knows that all his affairs are guided by One who cannot err—that he is watched over for good by One who is never weary. Humanity may weary of him and, shake him off if he becomes troublesome by his wants, but he heeds it little—his God invites, solicits, is gratified by the full and undivided burden of his cares.

Strange it is that we are so slow to claim the rights thus given us and which we ought to regard as inestimable privileges. Yet how few are known to any of us, who do truly realize the many promises and gracious invitations to do that which can alone make this life tolerable. —Kitto.

Don Platt, the Radical Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial says in alluding to the comments of some of the Radical country press of Ohio, on his letters showing up the rascality of some of the Radicals in Congress. "They don't know it, but I do, that the vilest Copperhead I ever encountered is an honest man by the side of Chandler. And the stupidest ass that howls 'nigger' at the cross-roads is a statesman by the side of Kelley. Now am I to heap abuse on Fernando Wood and Jimmy Brooks, and hold my peace in the presence of such fellows, whose unlicensed liberty not only endangers our organization, but threatens the country?"

Strawberries are selling off New York at \$10 a quart.